

## **A Weary Soul and A Steadfast Heart**

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# **A Weary Soul and A Steadfast Heart**

by [montinysomnia](#)

## Summary

Just some Cowboy kisses :)

## Notes

From a tumblr prompt:

May I request a McCree make-out session? Lord knows I need some country-style praise after today. Please and thank you, ~AnonLenny

You can find my imagines blog [here!](#) Requests are almost always open!

This was one of your favorite places to be. In your home of course, but also on your couch, straddling your favorite cowboy. Well, he was the only cowboy you knew but the sentiment was still there.

When he came home from this latest mission you had been asleep on the couch waiting for him. You weren't a heavy sleeper so when you heard the jangle of spurs your eyes shot open. "Sorry, darlin', I didn't mean to wake ya." he says softly as he reaches down and brushes a stray strand of hair out of your eyes.

"Jesse!" you yawn, sitting up and rubbing your bleary eyes. A tired laugh reaches your ears and you open your eyes to find him sitting down beside you and dragging his hands down his face. "Is something wrong?" you ask cautiously, scooting just a bit closer to him.

He hums thoughtfully for a moment and then, suddenly, hauls you up and over him. You land with a yelp, your knees planted on either side of his hips. "Nothin' a little lovin' won't fix." he smirks. You can clearly see the fatigue in his warm brown eyes.

"Jesse, if you're too tired-"

He cuts you off with a snort. "I ain't never too tired for you, pumpkin." he murmurs, his hand sliding up your calves and your thighs, squeezing lightly when they reach your hips.

Honestly those lines shouldn't work on you. They're cheesy and dumb but somehow in the lazy drawl of his voice they make you feel more loved and wanted than any prose. You slump forward and lean your forehead against his. The two of you stay like that for a few silent, comfortable moments until you tilts his head just slightly and catches your lips in a soft kiss.

It's not hungry, but the promise is there, lingering just below the surface. You pull away for only a moment to unceremoniously knock his hat off his head. Normally he would pout, pick it back up and place it somewhere with care. But instead he laughs softly, bringing you in for another kiss and you can't help but wonder what happened on that mission.

The differences in him are subtle enough that anyone else might miss it but still plain as day for you. He does not look any worse for wear so you don't think he's injured. Maybe it's something he saw? Something he wish he could have stopped? If Jesse is in pain he is stubborn enough not to tell you. Be it physical pain or any other kind.

So you kiss him harder. If he refuses to show you his pain you will drown him in love until he forgets all about it. Or at least until he feels safe enough to talk about it. He responds eagerly to your kiss, his hands wandering all over your body, never staying in one place too long.

You slide your hands up his chest and link them behind his head, your fingers buried in his hair. His beard scratches and irritates your skin as he shifts to kiss you deeper but you ignore it, parting your lips for him, granting him access to your mouth.

A low hum rumbles in his chest as he put one hand on the back of your head and the other on the small of your back, laying you back on the couch. He slots himself easily between your legs, your thighs hugging his hips snugly. His kisses are somewhat sloppy and lazy but they have bite now, an need they did not have before, growing stronger by the second.

This is how he shows you his pain, his vulnerability. He shows you he needs you by the way he kisses you: like you are something to be treasured and like he is terrified someone will try to steal that treasure. But you are determined to meet his fear with a steadfast will. You will not leave him and nothing and no one could take you away from him.

So you show him that in the way you accept his increasingly frantic kisses and return them with steady, deep ones of your own. He is safe here. He is wanted here. And nothing can harm him in the warm circle of your arms.

Hours later, you wake to the first rays of sunlight peeking in through your curtains, Jesse's hand stroking lovingly through your hair. You tilt your head up to meet his eyes. They are no longer so tired and haunted and all you can see in them is the reflection of the love you share. "Well, would ya look at that..." he mumbles pressing a kiss to your temple.

You make an inquisitive noise, not quite awake enough to form full sentences yet.

He gestures to the light streaming onto your form. "You, darlin', are the light of my life. I always said so, didn't I?" he grins sleepily. You groan and bury your face in his chest, which now rumbles with his laughter. But even after that terrible line you feel a smile creep onto your face, and from your position lying on top of him you're sure Jesse can feel it too.

Besides, he may say stupidly cheesy things but you both know he truly means them. And who could do anything but love someone who treats them like their soulmate?

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